

374 SONNETS.

SONNET LVIII.



FAIR CLYTIE doth flourish with the Spring ;  
 And, eftsoons, withered like thy golden Hair  
 !  
 And lo's violets grow flourishing, [bear !  
 But soon defaced; which thine Eyes  
 semblance  
 Anemone with hyacinth, Spring's pride,  
 (Like to thy Beauty !) lose their lovely  
 gloss : So will thy Cheeks, with graces  
 beautified, Return to wrinkles, and to  
 Nature's dross !  
 Roses, as from thy lips, sweet odours send,  
 Which herbs (in them whilst juice and virtues  
 rest) From some diseases' rigour, life defend :  
 These (as Thyself !) once withered, men  
 detest !  
 Then love betimes ! These withered flowers  
 of yore  
 Revive ! Thy beauty lost, returns no more !

SONNET LIX.



•H ME ! sweet beauty lost, returns no  
 more-  
 And how I fear mine heart fraught with  
 disdain !  
 Despair of her disdain, casts doubt before;  
 And makes me thus of mine  
 heart's hope  
 complain. Ah, me ! nor mine heart's hope,  
 nor help. Despair!  
 Avoid my Fancy ! Fancy's utter bane !  
 My woes' chief worker ! Cause of all my  
 care !  
 Avoid my thoughts ! that Hope may me  
 restore To mine heart's heaven, and happiness  
 again !  
 Ah, wilt thou not ? but still depress my  
 thought!  
 Ah, Mistress ! if thy beauty, this hath  
 wrought, That proud disdainfulness shall in  
 thee reign :  
 Yet, think! when in thy forehead wrinkles be;  
 Men will disdain thee, then, as thou dost me!